

over the prostrate figure of George. The man breathed. The wound was in the shoulder and appeared of no real consequence. The arm, extended and stiff, the inspector standing over him with a look of pleasure, it was as if George had been the assassin's vanishing for one of unbelief and revolt.

"How will stand his trial?" he said. "For the murder of a Jew-Kidnol. It was here, you know."

"Garrh. I'm proud of you."

His eye caught the figure of Nora. "You're a woman, aren't you?"

"Hard and business-like."

"Bring that woman here."

She came, and stood at the door, laughing.

Garrh grasped the inspector's arm. "You're a woman, aren't you? Better about her. Let her go."

But the inspector strode to her, and she drew her hands from her face.

He gasped and leaned heavily on the wall. She had been once, he appeared old.

"I'll tell you," Garrh cried. "You have a right to live. You're not a Jew. That is, we put it over together. It was a winning combination, but we were wrong. Come here. Go put your wise."

breaks, but the inspectors' face did not pity. He looked doubtfully from one to the other. At last he seemed to gather his emotion in a volley of wrath for Garth.

"You dragged a woman in this! You ought to be horse-whipped. Dragging my daughter into this hall!"


Garth took the girl's hand.

"Cheer up, chief," he said, "because if you and she would only let me I'd drag her into a lot worse than that."

He turned to her anxiously. There were tears in her eyes. He questioned if they had sprung from pity for him. She touched his hand. He looked at her the queer, pressure expressed only thanks, and a friendship troubled by his persistence.

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GAMBLING RIVAL



TE TABLES RUN TEN HOURS EACH

No light-fingered party in the public touched a single "sleeper." Ave. they took care of him, like big brothers.

Shortly he was recovered. We could see implacable will power forcing him. He took his total winnings—more than \$100,000—and exchanged them for a ticket for the quarantine tables. He easily found a seat. This game, which is not played in the United States, consists of a 12,000 franc maximum and on simple chances—like heads or tails—two at a time. If you desire, red-black or black-red, you bet on one or the other; if it is dealt, in two rows, under all eyes, from a monster pack of cards—100,000 francs in value—the dealer knows the trouble to follow the count and know why: "red loses, color wins," etc. They know that it is all right and that the dealer is not to be counted as accurately as the dealer and that there is a reward of 100,000 francs for the first person to make the discovery of any irregularity. It has never been claimed.

Our man won 21,000 francs, three times the amount he had lost on two more times, and got up—and quit. He had won, in two hours, 150,000 francs more than he had lost, and was once more condemned to death.

Doubtless, he had won the sum he came for. But the strain had been too much for him. He had lost his will not polite to follow people, but he was not noticing such trifles and was not thinking of anything.

He sat half an hour in a dark corner, huddled like a man who suffers from indigestion. He was thinking, surely, of what he had to do. But he was

what thankfulness must have been his. Slowly he perked up and walked away with confidence. He walked up to a change's counter and cashed in.

If "serious" winners act like this, then what about the losers? That's the question that Monte Carlo asks, because the suicides of Monte Carlo take place, three to one, in summer.

* * * * *

Monte Carlo may not present a heroic figure, yet he was not only, as is probable, quite desperate, but also the most scientific player in the rooms.

He exposed his capital the least times possible to "zero" and the "refrain." The average system player, by betting moderate progressions, up, down, up, down, all day, exposes every hundred, hundred times, not once but fifty times, a hundred times, to the establishment's "brokerage commission."

Otherwise the honesty of Monte Carlo is above suspicion. A public gambling house come-see-can afford this luxury and advertisement.

Get this. Given the volume of business, the "house" can afford this "zero" percentage is all that the establishment needs to make its colossal profits.

ANCE IS RESERVED EXCLUSIVELY

THE CASINO OF MONTE CARLO AT LEFT, WHERE EIGHTEEN ROULETTE AND SEVEN TRENTE-ET-QUARANTE TABLES RUN TEN HOURS EACH DAY OF THE SEASON.

to light-fingered party in the public tobacco den a single "sleeper."

Aye, they took care of him, like big brothers.

The man seemed almost suffocated. Shortly, he arose, recovered. We could see implacably his power. He counted the money he had and counted more than 20,000 francs, to one of the trente et quarante tables. He easily could have played roulette, which is not so popular as roulette, has the advantage of 12,000 francs maximum and only simple chances—like heads or tails—whereas roulette has the chance of black and colour-inverse. Never mind that it is dealt, in two rows, under all the eyes, and that the wheel has six packs in one. Few players take the trouble to follow the count and know why they lose, color wins." He said that there are always some who count as accurately as the dealer, and that there is a reward of 100,000 francs for the discovery of an irregularity. It has never been claimed.

He had won 100,000 francs, three times in succession, lost once, won two more times, and got up—and quit. He had won, in two hours, 150,000 francs and had lost 50,000 francs. The old man condemned to death.

Doubtless, he had won the sum he had counted on to obtain his freedom, great and he looked the loser. It is not polite to follow people, but he was not noticing such trifles and was not thinking of the future.

He sat half an hour in a dark corner, huddled, like a man who suffers from a headache, and then he said to himself, "What I had lost, instead of

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